THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL. II.——No. 43. Whole No. 95.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning, Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

GENUINE HERBACEOUS
BITTERS,
Made solely by James Gartland,
NO. 78,
North Second-street, Philadelphia.

TO prevent or cure fevers, bilious and bowel complaints, head-aches, loss of appetite, costiveness, melancholy, &c.

USE. If your body be regular, take 3 tea spoons full of the bitters in a tea cup full of cold water, morning and night; and a little in the course of the day, in any drink you are accustomed to take. If too laxative, take the bitters in camomile tea, with a few drops of the spirit of lavender. If costive, increase the quantity of the bitters. Moderate eating and drinking, with these rules will prevent fevers.

In case of attack; take a vomit of strong camomile tea, and drink freely of weak camomile to work it off, after which drink freely of the bitters in camomile tea, and it will carry off the fever by perspiration, but if the body be debilitated previous thereto, add some good red wine, brandy or geneva. All new liquors are pernicious.

The red bitters may be used with red wines and brandy. The yellow with white wines or other liquors. Both have the same effect.

Taking these bitters so as to keep the body regular, will prevent or cure the other complaints.

Its valuable effects on the human frame may be ascertained by any person who will take about a solid inch of fresh killed beef and immerse it in a glass of the bitters for about two hours, expose it afterwards in the shade under heat, air, dew and rain, and no putrefaction will ensue—hence it may be safely taken by both sexes. This experiment the proprietor made in the dog-days when Fahrenheit's thermometer had been for several days about 90°. And it defies chemistry on its most extensive scale, to be able to decompose it, or ascertain thereby, its several component parts or ingredients, therefore no imposition under that head can take place.

Price 50 cents per bottle, and 6 cents will be allowed on returning the bottle and label.

HE HAS ALSO FOR SALE,
An Ointment for the extirpation of Bugs.

USE. Clean your bedsteads well, rub the underneath, and inside the mortises, tenons & every crevice with the ointment; also 2 or 3 inches of the feet next the floor, this will prevent them creeping up. If too thick, heat the bottle.

If going to ride, rub a few drops on the horse's ears, it will prevent him from being annoyed in that tender part by flies of any description, and thereby tend to keep him cheerful on the journey.

If mixed with green paint made on raw oil and laid on your bed chamber ceiling, it will prevent flies or musquitoes resting thereon. Price 25 cents.

Likewise a LIQUID BLACKING prepared with oil that will nourish and preserve the leather in boots and shoes. Price 25 cents.

And a superior liquid blacking that will make even faded morocco appear as new Spanish leather, a shining black.

September 20

Augustus Uz,
PATENT WALL-COLOURER AND PAINTER IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.
No. 108, north Seventh-street.

MOST respectfully presents his acknowledgements to a liberal public, for favors received in the extensive encouragement of his new established business, and begs leave to inform them of his further improvements. At the particular request of a number of his customers, he has undertaken the manufacturing of different washes for walls, such as yellow, blue, orange colour, pink and lilac, already mixed fit for laying on, and with sufficient directions for use, so that any person habituated to whitewashing, can also lay on these washes. When desired, he will mix any other colour beside the abovementioned. The yellow wash in particular, is of a much brighter tint, and approaching more the colour of a lemon, than the yellow ochre, and at the same time much cheaper. He will wait on applicants in the morning from six till nine, and in the afternoon from one till three o'clock. The above mentioned washes being manufactured at a low rate, it is expected, the public will be highly gratified with the plan.

His painting of walls in imitation of papering, has met with a most unanimous applause, and is now in a state of rapid progression and improvement, and as many persons wishing work done in his line, are often disappointed, on account of his business increasing faster than he can teach men to do it, he finds it necessary to let the public know, that he can paint rooms and other apartments, where a fire can be made, in the winter as well as in the summer, and he warrants the work to be equally as good.

Philad. Sept. 20, 1809.

Baltimore College
GRAND LOTTERY.

NOW DRAWING in the city of Baltimore, and continues to draw 1500 tickets each week until finished. In this Lottery there are the following
CAPITAL PRIZES!

Two of	20,000	Dollars,
Three of	10,000	do.
Three of	5,000	do.
Two of	2,000	do.
Ten of	1,000	do.

Besides a large number of $. 500, 200, 100, 50, &c. Three day's drawing are over, and no prize higher than $. 2500 has been drawn.

TICKETS & SHARES warranted undrawn, are now selling at
HUNTER & ROBINSON's
LOTTERY OFFICE, No. 96, MARKET-STREET,
BALTIMORE,

At the following prices; but it is expected from the small number on hand that they will soon be considerably advanced—present price,

Whole tickets,	$. 12 00
Half do.	6 00
Quarter do.	3 25
Eighth do.	1 75

Letters from a distance (post paid) enclosing the cash for tickets, will be immediately attended to, and the earliest information given.

☞ A printed list of ALL the prizes drawn in the above lottery is published every week by H. & R. and forwarded gratis to all those who wish it.

Dec. 6, 1809.

Dying and Scowering.

PERSONS who have left articles to Dye and Scower, with the Subscriber, more than twelve months since, are desired to take them away on or before the *seventh day of December next*, or they will, on that day, be sold at public vendue, for the expence of dying &c.

John Overy,
No. 45, Cedar Street.

November 22d, 1809.

The United Sons of Order;
FREE & EASY,

Meet at the house of DANIEL PARKER, sign of the Robinson Crusoe, south Third-street, every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, during the season. All social souls, fond of mirth and glee, are invited to attend.

Oct. 25.

T. BEHAN,
Portrait and Miniature Painter,

HAS the honour of returning his thanks to the citizens of Philadelphia for the liberal patronage he has experienced, and respectfully informs them his painting room is removed to

No. 31, NORTH EIGHTH-STREET.

He will devote a portion of his time to the instruction of a class of ladies, and another of gentlemen in the art of drawing---for terms and hours of tuition, apply as above.

Nov. 22.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

From the Peoples' Monitor.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

While Mars and Minerva in close-hug alliance,
For the rights of *Man*-kind have their banners unfurl'd;
From the fane to the throne blown the blast of defiance,
And essays and bombs half unpeople the world:
Oh, where is the hero, the man, and the Roman;
Not a shell has been thrown,
Not a blast has been blown,
In the dearest of causes, the dear cause of—woman.

While Egypt retraces the feats of the brave,
The hero of Jaffa—the monarch of Gaul:
From the borders of Nile to the Danube's cold wave,
What dire waste of *arsenic, powder and ball!*
Oh, where is the hero, the man, and the Roman,
La Pauvre Madame,
Finds a closet's no charm,
While *sa majestie* turns the key on sweet woman.

While pilgrims have journey'd, and martyrs have bled,
While the zealots of Mecca and bigots of Rome,
Have number'd each year with their 'Mahomet fled,'
And whin'd o'er the Abbe de Paris' tomb:
Oh! where is the hero, the man, and the Roman!
Scarce a tear has been shed—
Not a pilgrimage made,
In the dearest of causes, the dear cause of—woman!

Blest Wolstoncraft, hail, lonely daughter of merit!
Thy name shall be mouth'd through the long lapse of time;
And, thou *Menelaus*, Elysian spirit,
The fame of thy deeds shall fill every clime!
Dear shade, far surpassing the hero or Roman!
For thy lost Helen's charms,
All Greece was in arms,
Till Hector & Troy own'd the dear rights of—woman.

For the rights of *man*-kind, what dire devastation!
See Paine in the lists against Heaven array'd:
The brightest of talents—the *plume of the nation,*
Behold in *the cause of the Mammoth display'd:*
Oh! where is the hero, the man, and the Roman!
No *plush breeches sage*
Condescends to engage,
In the dearest of causes, the dear cause of—woman!

On the banks of Missouri, where savages dwell,
Don Patriot's name shall be *whoop'd* with applause;
Papposes shall learn to unite in the yell,
And Sachems respond to the plaudits of *squaws:*
Huzza, for the *loyal*, the *brave*, and *humane,*
Who crush'd, in *good season,*
Rebellion and treason,
And baffled the efforts of *Power* and of Spain.

Come Silence, expressive, and ponder his praise,
The muse, in despair, refuses her aid,
Fain would she a *suitable* monument raise,
And weave, *for his neck*, a wreath that won't fade;
Huzza, for the Patriot's, Monsieur and Don,
Who asserted the cause
Of Mammoths and Squaws,
And gave to the world some—*brats* and a—*bone!*

R.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 6, 1809.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Please give the following publicity :

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

As J. Hopkins, the razor strop man would say, that colonel Duane, major Toney Fitz-Simmuns, and colonel Flitters, may not fall victims to that diffusible stimuli, which shortened the days of poor Dennis O' Driscol, preacher, poet and printer, of Augusta, Georgia.

This wonderful personage very injudiciously substituted that mild exhilirating fluid, vulgarly whiskey, for cold water. This practice he closely adhered to for fifteen or twenty years. From an exact calculation, taken from the books of his grocer, it appears that 139 gallons were annually deposited in his stomach; making in fifteen years, 2085 gallons. This perspirable matter, for eighteen months before his death, became so highly charged with the pernicious effluvia, that his wife on going to bed perfectly sober, has been known to rise in the morning with the utmost difficulty, from nothing more than inhalation. A candle accidentally came in contact with his breath, which immediately took fire. You may easily guess the consequence—his under jaw was torn off in a most shocking manner, and his teeth disengaged from their sockets, to the manifest danger of all present, nor did the dreadful scene stop here ; the flame descended down the windpipe to the lungs, when an explosion of the most alarming kind took place, and sent poor Dennis to the other world in a hurry. From the explosion that had taken place, about 9 o'clock, the citizens of Augusta actually took it for granted, that a gun-boat had laid the town under contribution. His remains were interred next day in the common burying ground, and a large five gallon jug placed as a tomb stone, emblazoned with the drunkard's arms, and the well known eulogium on rum.

GIN-TWIST.

Stupid Jemmy Wilson, of Wilmington, Delaware, the *printer* of a *sleepy* paper called the '*Watchman*,' has lately been lauded by some of the insufferably stupid democratic prints to the southward, as the future regenerator of Delaware state. The encomiums heaped upon the soporiferous columns of the Watchman, by these '*able editors*,' plainly prove that their types and brains are composed of the same materials. Jemmy, like his namesake Jammy J. Wilson, of Trenton, frequently attempts to write *smart things* in spite of dame nature, and their brilliant productions may very justly be styled, '*wit on crutches*.'

This identical Jemmy Wilson has been very strongly suspected of indulging a most violent penchant for *ebony beauties*—nay, it is even said that he more than once has carried his philanthrophy so far, as to endeavor to 'wash blackamoors white,' by the regular operations of nature. However, Jemmy may plead the example of a certain great personage, by way of extenuation.

But is Jemmy an *honest man?* Let his works answer the query. A man once sent Jemmy some framed and glazed prints to sell *on commission*—he advertised them in a little paper printed by himself, called the 'Mirror.' Whether it was owing to the subject, (the hero of the cave) the execution, or because that the prints were advertised in his *dirty* '*Mirror*,' we know not : but we believe that they did not sell. After a lapse of time Jemmy was written to from Lancaster, to return the prints : to this he agreed, but expressed a reluctance to forwarding them at his own risque. He was then desired to pack them carefully and transmit them to Lancaster by the first conveyance, at the risque of the owner—but Jemmy *forgot* to send them. The owner removed to Philadelphia, and again wrote to Jemmy—he again promised to send on the prints, if an order was given to the captain of one of the packets ; this was done, when lo! on the captain's presenting the order to Wilson, the *scoundrel! James Wilson*, the *scoundrel!* had the audacity and dishonesty to present him with a bill for advertising goods which he had received *on commission*, and that advertising too was done in his own filthy Mirror! The owner did not see the captain of the packet for several days ; and when he did, and was apprized of the dishonest and rascally demand of the scoundrel Wilson, he immediately wrote per mail, a letter couched in appropriate terms, and in a few days received an answer apprizing him that his property had been legally attached and advertised by Wilson to satisfy his unjust demand, and that, on that day the prints were to be sold by public vendue. They were sold, and we believe purchased by James Wilson himself, the *agent* of the *owner*, who in this fraudulent manner obtained *legal* possession of another man's lawful property.

And shall it be said that James Wilson is to be regarded or respected by any body! we trust not. For although we know that many democrats do not deem morality as an essential ingredient in a man's character, so that he is but firm in politics, yet we feel confident that the great mass of the Delaware democrats are not content to view such a despicable *thing* as is James Wilson, in the light of a *censor morum*.

IMPORTENT!!

On last Fipth dey in thee mornin befoar diner, was jined in th' hole bandz off matrimoni, Reachard Prier and Prissy Bud, haters, furr deelers, and pelters of this sitty !

Sum sa *thee* partnorchips dizzolved !
And others *much more* diferent quite hav stated,
But declar ginst *one* and awl
Its consolly*dated*.

To furrz and peltz *boath* lade clame !
And tha clame still tha clame, and clame *more* heir :
For cince ackountz *tha* dont manetane,
Every body noes thee clame wuz but *a* Prier !

12 munth fust !
One thosand eighteen hunderd and nyghn.

From Master Tom F. Gordon's *frothy* advertisement about brewing cheep beer, and rendering malt liquor a substitute for ardent spirits, many persons are led to believe that he is about to contend with Robert T. Rawle for the palm of philanthrophy. Should Tom make the attempt, the result will most assuredly convince the inflated walking bladder of malt, that all his essays to supplant Mr. Rawle in public estimation must prove futile. We advise Tom Froth to take Rawle into partnership, and thus end the contest without the intervention of a court of honor or of conscience. Altho' Mr. Rawle may not possess the *brewer's secret*, yet we can assure Tom Froth, that he is an excellent judge of good beer, and never would commit himself so grossly as Tom did, when he condemned the beer at a public house in Burlington, and told the landlord if he wished to keep *good beer*, that he must get it at the '*Columbia Brewery*.' The landlord apologised for the *bad quality* of the beer, and endeavored to sooth his angry guest, by stating that he left the place of purchase entirely to the discretion of the boatman, whom he had desired to procure him a barrel of strong beer; but he had the bill, and that would inform him of the brewer's name. He soon found the bill, and presented it to Tom Froth, who quite aghast read :

'Columbia Brewery.

Mr. —— ——,

Bo't of T. F. & R. Gordon.

One barrel of strong beer	$ 6 00
Rec'd payment, &c. &c.	

Should Tom Froth take the hint, and admit Robert T. Rawle into the firm, we further advise him to have his *corporeal cask* well hooped, lest he should explode by farther inflation, occasioned by his having 'the ornament of science and the boast of philosophy,' for a partner.

For the TICKLER

TUNE.

YANKEE DOODLE.

O ! if I was to sing a song,
And felt it right to do so ;
I'd ope my mouth and move my tongue
In favour of a widow.
That pretty widow who of late
Has undertook to marry ;
And bid farewell to th' single state,
Because she could not tarry.

For winter sure was coming on,
And old Jack Frost would bite her,
If she much longer laid alone,
Without a man beside her.
And so it seems the urchin god,
That shot his arrows at her ;
Surcharg'd with venom the sad dart,
And threw it at a hatter.

But first she took him to her house,
And there she made him partner ;
Designing in due course of time,
Her own dear self to barter.
The upper story of the lad,
Some people say was leather ;
Suffice it, he nor good nor bad
Suspected of the widow.

And so he tho't around he'd peep,
In country and in city ;
If he a girl might haply seek,
That on him would have pity.
And soon he found one to his mind,
And ev'ry way she pleas'd him ;
And long he courted smooth and kind
And nothing seem'd to teaze him.

But when the widow found that he
Had taken to another ;
Why then she cried 'Alas ! poor me.
O ! what a plaguy bother.'
'The very fellow whom I took
To be my trading partner,
All pleasure in me hath forsook,
And forfeited the barter.

'But I'll contrive that he no more
Shall go abroad a sparking ;
I'll find employment within door,
To keep my am'rous lark in.'
So soon as he came home at night,
Did she begin a scolding ;
And what a heap and what a sight
Of plague and ruin told him.

'In plain,' quoth she, 'I tell thee what,'
(O what a storm was brewing ;
Nay what a tarnal naughty plot
To effect the booby's ruin.)
'I tell thee if thee'll marry me,
And leave all other women ;
I'll make thee happy, rich and free,
From ev'ry fear of sinning.'

The booby look'd astonish'd quite,
And scarcely could believe her ;
He turned red and turned white.
Which plaguey sore did grieve her.
'Dispute me not,' she angry bawl'd,
Then stamping on the floor, sir ;
'The partnership shall be dissolv'd,
And thee turn'd out of door, sir.'

'Why then,' said he with sorry grin,
And many a hem ! and bother ;
'Why I'll do every thing I *kin*,
But how—what leave the t'other.'
'Leave her—aye ; why to be sure,'
'But I'm afeard to tell her ;'
'Then poke a note beneath the door,
You chuckle headed fellow.'

'Why as to that I could—but how,
And what will people say to it ;'
'*Why as to that*—you booby now !
If you won't I will do it.'
At length the forcing terms agreed,
And ev'ry plan projected ;
The booby gave his word—indeed,
That naught should be neglected.

So on that very night I ween,
She did dictate a letter ;
Which faithfully was copied in,
There never was a better.
For there he told her many things,
Yet nothing too he told her ;
So cunningly the thing was wrote,
Yet nought was written bolder.

And then he took it to her house,
And in the entry plac'd it ;
Then panting like a dying mouse,
He to the widow hasted.
But O how funny he did feel,
And head as light as feather ;
And sick at stomach, like the de'il,
He —— and ——— together.

But soon a cordial was procured,
Which made his belly easy ;
Though many torments he endur'd,
And much of qualms and dizzy.
Full soon however he forgot
His former love and pleasures ;
For now, with trading and what not,
His head was full of treasures.

Yes many thousand pounds he sold,
Of hats, and furs and peltry ;
And many thousand lies he told
To many youths in 'delphi.
And tho' he pass'd 'mong boys and girls,
With many a jeer and sneering ;
Yet like the swine that eat no pearls,
He onward went a leering.
Thus many months had pass'd away,
So happy—happy so so ;
He scarcely felt a tedious day,
When he was with the widow.

At length the wish'd for time arriv'd,
He longer could not tarry ;
So as he much had fed and thriv'd,
Could he refuse to marry ?
No ! folks would think him staring mad,
If he again should flinch, sir ;
And then he'd seem confounded bad,
And that he knew would pinch, sir.

Ah no, the charming widow too,
Whose riches and possessions,
With all good things were kept in view,
To flatter all his passions.
These made him yield to exigence
Of many pressing natures ;
And so the fool with impudence
The wedding day engages.

But now the day is past and gone,
And no one can deride her ;
She sleeps no more at night alone,
But has a *man* beside her.
And he the business carries on,
As did he when a partner ;
He's got her trade and got her house,
And got her in the barter.

DIDDLE DIDDLE DI DO

Broadfaced Billy Binder, member of the state Senate, left town for Lancaster, on Monday morning. We understand that Bill has ordered two butts of Tom

From Gordon's best *cheap* beer, to be forwarded on his private account, as he does not wish to raise the price of beer in Lancaster this winter.

On last Saturday morning, Bobby Cochran, Jakey Edenborn and Philip Odenheimer, three city *luminaries*, selected as members of the popular branch of the Pennsylvania councils of Jackasses, took their departure *in one stage*, for the seat of government. Report states that the turnpike from this city to the imperial borough of Lancaster, has been completely ruined by this wonderful load of profound sagacity, intelligence and wisdom. The three grand dignitaries had their first audience on Monday, when his most excellent majesty the king of Ignorance, received them very graciously. His majesty and Jakey Endenborn entered into a lenthy discussion of the present state of *tanning*, in which they very pathetically lamented the present embarrassed situation of our commerce, which prevented the shipment of cowskins to the West-India islands.

MILITARY PROMOTION.

J. W. FOX, Esq. late adjutant, has been appointed (pro tem.) brigade-major in the second brigade, first division, Pennsylvania militia. The late adjutant conducts himself with great decorum since his recent elevation.

A young physician of this city, noted for trimming his political coat to the temperature of the atmosphere, lately took a shooting excursion with a friend; when, oh dire mishap! his friend's fowling piece went off accidentally and lodged a great portion of the load in the doctor's *head*. That renowned philosopher and philanthrophist, Robert T. Rawle, who abhors the cruelty of those unfeeling fellows, miscalled sportsmen, has favoured us with the following

PILL OF COMFORT

For the WOUNDED DOCTOR.

'Twas certainly a waste of shot,
To fire a load into your head;
For 'certes' you've already got,
A double portion there of lead.
Yet it may make you fit to fill
The place now held by Doctor Heister;
As *Simon* thinks for office still,
That leaden-headed men are best sir.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I think the following anecdote of his imperial highness Ignoramus First, governor of Pennsylvania, and supreme commander of the defence of Fort Rittenhouse, who a short time since pardoned a *Muck*, after she had been convicted in the same court on *six* different *indictments* for larceny; he was resolved that as the *ignorant* jurymen did not *write ignoramus* on them, that he would *stamp his own seal* thereon. It is said that Mrs. Muck's dear *friend* Notquiteblack, of the *one thousand* names at the *tale* of the petition, wrote, unauthorised, *nine hundred and ninety nine* with his *own hand!!!*

'What is honour? Air! who hath it?
He that died o' Wednesday?'

But the anecdote as I said, I think will put it beyond a doubt, that Simon wants no *libry*, as an ill natured correspondent of yours has been remarking three several times. As his highness was once lounging along the streets with his *armorial bearings* in every feature, he perceived a sign, which happened to be a *sign* of his knowledge of literature; it ran thus—'*Chaises to let at nine pence per mile.*' It appeared to the *wise* governor as *Dutch*, for he read it thus—Chi-e-sus tol-e-ta: *ninny* pence per *milly*. Another one I heard somewhere, may be deduced as a further proof that his *modesty*, is the father of science; Simon was once at the Theatre, and being asked what he had seen, replied—He had seen *Concave's Morning Bride*. We suppose he was thinking of his good sherris-sack, which he swallows in the morning; being again asked if he remembered any part, he answered, 'O! a most all, the very first words a woman drest all over in black said, *was this*,

'Music hath charms to soothe—the savage *cow*,
To make the *dogs to bark* and cats to *mew!*
The ox to fall beneath the butcher's stroke,
To soften *flocks* and *mend* the *rotten cloak!*
Smooth o'er the skin the *tanner's oil* to glide,
And take the roughness from the lime wash'd *hide*."

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Ye Gods it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble *mind* should thus
So get the start of all the learned world,
And bear the laurel from ev'n Petrarch's brow.'

CASTIGATOR.

The legislature of this state met yesterday. The opening of this session has been viewed with dreadful forebodings by the little faction that rules the king of ignorance. Even Mr. Secretary Billew was seized with a fit of shivering, and in a *sober moment*, wrote half a column for the paper of that '*able* editor,' Billy Dickson, in which he endeavours to cajole the democrats of the '*old school*,' and by exciting their fears, prevail upon them once more to support silly Simon Snyder. We know the democratic members from this district, and believe the event will bear us out, when we assert that they are not to be bullied by office, or lured by artifice, into the support of a man who has so shamefully deceived them, and prostituted the fair fame of Pennsylvania, to gratify the ambition and interest of a more contemptible pack of venal parasites, than ever before degraded any regal or republican form of government.

No, Mr. Billew, your tool has almost run his political career! The delusion vanishes from the eyes of all reflecting democrats, and they now view Simon Snyder and his secret rulers in their native deformity. The federalists and old constitutionalists are no farther interested in what may be denominated 'a family quarrel,' other than the rescue of the state from the odium under which she now groans, and will unite with men, as men anxious for their country's honor ought to unite, and place at the bar of the insulted majesty of the people, the weak tool of a knot of unprincipled political profligates.

The red faced sausage-making *Major*, of New-Jersey, is requested by some of his democratic friends, not to put in the sausages made for their use, so much pepper, as their throats are not tinned, copper or paved, altho' their consciences may have become insensible.

In last Friday's Aurora, William *Dunn*, commonly called William *Duane*, when commenting upon an article selected from a Virginia paper, which was a *kind of reply* to Mr. Bronson's assertion that 'the principal democratic papers were edited by foreigners,' with a *modesty* unparalleled by any one except *modesty personified*, sweet Johnny Hopkins, *Dunn* has the impudence to assert that *Irvine* of Baltimore jail, and Mr. Cheetham, of New-York, were the only editors of daily papers, born out of the limits of the United States—— that is negatively saying that Dunn himself is a native born American! The old Vermont story is revived, for swearing to which Dunn was once glad to get out of the verge of a court of justice, without being indicted for *perjury!* But the falsehood of this tale is so notorious, that no one, except Dunn or Hopkins, would have the audacity to attempt its resuscitation—but by this arrogant attempt to impose a stale falsehood upon his too credulous readers, he has verified our repeated assertion, that he *considers it a disgrace to be born in Ireland.*

We do assert, and challenge William *Dunn* or *Duane*, to the test, that he was known in Ireland at so early a period of life, as to render it more than probable, that he first drew breath in the village of *Clady*, parish of *Cumbar*, county of Londonderry and kingdom of Ireland. That he was known by the name of William or Billy Dunn; and his father—or *reputed* father, was named John *Dunn*—that he went to school to one Stevens, at Buckfield—he then was apprenticed to Collins & co. of Londonderry, printers, with whom he remained 3 or 4 years, until an occurrence of an *extraordinary nature*, compelled him to leave his master and Ireland to boot. That some time after William Dunn had ran away from Londonderry, his father John Dunn, said, that *his son* William had gone to India. He does not pretend to deny his having been in India, but boasts rather too much about the fortune *which he left behind*—this fortune was rather worse than nothing, scattered in such a manner, that his steward could scarce tell where it lay: but it would have taken a little fortune to *buy up all his India bonds and notes——of hand.*

We do know, that after many vicissitudes of fortune and assuming Protean shapes, he reached the shores of this once happy and united country, in 1796. Chance and the wayward fancies of a woman, placed him at the head of the Aurora establishment. That in 1798 or 1799, he met an old school-mate and pot companion in Market-street, whom he accosted, and by whom he was recognized as William *Dunn*—that he told his former school fellow, that he edited a paper called the '*Aurora*,' and requested him to endeavor to procure subscribers to it. His former school-mate had before this meeting seen some numbers of the Aurora, and remarked to Dunn that he did not understand him to spell his name in the manner which he had done when in Ireland, and that Dunn, in a jocose way, said '*when we change climates or countries, we may frenchify a little.*' That some time after this meeting, his old school fellow called, by Dunn's special invitation, to see him, and ascertained 'beyond the possibility of a doubt' that the man known in this city by the name of William *Duane*, was the identical William *Dunn* with whom he had been acquainted with in Ireland, and who he verily believes to have been born in that kingdom.

All this we can prove, whenever William *Dunn* or *Duane* thinks proper to call upon us. But what can induce the fellow to deny the place of his nativity? He must either have committed some foul crime, for which he apprehends the retributive arm of Justice will lay hold on him, or he must hold the Irish birthright as an inheritance of disgrace. Ogh! what a baste must that man be, that will go for tull deny his own country!

LITTLE JEMMY BABOON CARSON,

Simon Snyder's recorder of deeds for the city and county of Philadelphia, begins to feel himself of vast importance. He says that the fable of the fly on the coach wheel is altogether inapplicable to himself, as the emoluments of his office enable him to kick up a dust to the tune of 15 or 20,000 dollars per annum. But is Jemmy content with exacting the fees allowed him by law? we believe not. The law allows him 13 cents for every search of the records: but Jemmy, in one instance at least, was desired to search for property of a certain description, and certify what mortgages had been given on it; when instead of confining his search to the property described, he enumerated all the mortgages given by the man on other property which he held, and received his 13 cents for each search! Snug pickings! eh Jemmy?

For some time past the feelings of the inhabitants of Baltimore have been grossly insulted by the daily effusions of a couple of nuisances, who call themselves *fencing masters*. The style and manner in which the contest is carried on, more resembles the slang of one of our Naiades of High-st. hill, than the contention of professors of a fashionable science. They are ostensibly contending about which is the greatest adept in the art they *profess* to teach, while in reality they are endeavouring to ascertain which of the two is the greatest blackguard. We trust they have at least succeeded in convincing the citizens of Baltimore, that both are very capable of rendering themselves ridiculous and contemptible.

WHAT HO! MODESTY!

On the 4th of July last, his *Modesty*, John Hopkins, Esq. inventor of 'Barbel Alkahest,' vender of double-cutters, diamond paste, &c. &c. did in an audible voice, at a public dinner given at Gadsby's tavern, drink '*Damnation to democracy!*' Hopkins is a democrat.

New Theatre.

☞ The public are respectfully informed that

MASTER PAYNE

Is engaged to perform NINE NIGHTS—his first appearance will be on

Wednesday Evening, December 6,

WHEN WILL BE PRESENTED,

A celebrated Tragedy, in 5 acts, called

DOUGLAS;

Or, THE NOBLE SHEPHERD.

Young Norval (his first appearance on this stage)	Master Payne,
Lord Randolph	Mr. Warren
Glenalvon	Mr. Wood
Old Norval	Mr. M'Kenzie
First Officer	Mr. Miller
Norval's Servant	Mr. Durang
Lady Randolph	Mrs. Barrett
Anna	Mrs. Seymour

To which will be added, a Comic Opera, in 2 acts, called the

SHIPWRECK.

Sylwyn	Master Barrett
Harry Hawser	Mr. Hardinge
Michael Goto	Mr. Briers
Shark	Mr. Blissett
Stave, a Parish Clerk	Mr. Jefferson
Dick	Mr. Jacobs
Angelica	Mrs. Wilmot
Fanny	Mrs. Jacobs
Sally Shamrock,	Mrs. Seymour

In act first, a representation of a STORM, Lee-shore and craggy cliffs, followed by the striking of a vessel on a rock, and the ship going to pieces.

Box, one dollar---Pit, three quarters of a dollar, and Gallery, half a dollar.

Doors will be opened at 5, and the curtain will rise at 6 o'clock, precisely.

Places in the Boxes to be taken of Mr. Pullen, in the front of the Theatre, from 10 till 2, and on the days of performance from 10 till 4 o'clock.

☞ Gentlemen are respectfully informed, that they cannot be permitted to smoke Segars within the Theatre, and that PASS CHECKS ARE NOT TRANSFERABLE.

Was Found,

ON the 4th instant, *a smal dog collar*. The owner may recover it, by describing his property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at the publication office of this paper.

Dec. 6.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

THE GHOST;

Or, 'Will you be shaved?'

A stranger retiring from night's horrid gloom,
And the tempest which long he had brav'd;
Was told at an Inn, that such was his hard doom
The castle was all full save an old haunted room.
Where a ghost whisper'd '*will you be shaved?*'

The stranger, undaunted, said 'twas very well.
He believ'd no ghost could him affright,
He rather would face ghost, enchanter, or spell,
Or giants, or legions of devils from hell,
Than proceed in so dreadful a night.

With the guests to the fire the stranger drew near,
Who thought he would hardly be sav'd;
He, joyous and cheerful partook of the fare,
Then undaunted withdrew to his room for to hear
The dread ghost whisper '*Will you be shaved?*'

All admir'd the nerves of the stranger so bold,
But expected his groans soon to hear,
Some gamblers, their passion by fear uncontrol'd,
Went to play, and soon loaded the table with gold;
Ah! the table the ghost soon did clear.

The stranger he heard the bets running high,
Winners laughing—tho' losers all sav'd;
In the sheets himself wrapp'd—the bason supply
Did the chamber untensil—he loudly did sigh,
When he whisper'd out '*Will you be shaved?*'

A spectre he seem'd from the Stygian pools,
The guests not a moment did stay;
Loud they scream'd and as fast as they could ran the fools,
They tumbled o'er tables and chairs and o'er stools,
All the gold the ghost carry'd away.

The branch of a tree 'gainst the wall of the house,
The nestling winds nightly wav'd;
When the winds they were hush'd 'twas still as a mouse
This the stranger discover'd, who wanted not *nous*,
And thence came the sound '*Will you be shaved?*'

From the American Citizen.

IMPORTANT DESPATCH.

A despatch of which the following is a faithful transcript. was on Friday morning last transmitted by express to the august *Carolus*, K. C. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Message from his *comb*-ly majesty, DESBORUS, I. *arch-duke de Manhattan*, to *Carolus Cummins*, emperor of all his majesty's *shaving* shops in the south.

HEAD-*Quarters*, *Imperial Palace*,
92 *Broadway*.

Sire and Brother,

I stop the sale of my *wigs* to announce to you the splendid victory which we have just gained over our ancient enemy the Buck-tail cut throats.

The battle commenced on the morning of the 21st. General *Tunis*, scape-goat of the barbarians, had previously prepared the respective tribes of savages for the bloody conflict, by distributing among them vast quantities of those exterminating instruments called *paper shot*; which dreadful death dealers, had been so long and so *effectually* the favorite of that exalted chief of all the savage tribes, *Red Breeches*.

All the *magazines*, *gazettes*, &c. of the enemy, were kept constantly filled with those swift destroyers of fleets, and armies, and barbers, and women, and every thing, whether native or adopted, excepting Frenchmen and Savages, these mighty *paper shot*.

This formidable preparation however did not in the least intimidate my valiant shavers, who continued whetting their *un*-blood-stained swords, vulgarly called *razors*. until every devil of my Packwood's strops had become completely worn out in the service.

The *Tunisians* separated their warriors into *ten* tribes, assigning a command of each district. Thus endeavoring to compel me your emperor, chief among *whigs* and Hero among *hair*-dressers, to fight ten savage chiefs, and in ten several places at the same time. *Barber*-ous trick!—I was constrained to exclaim—vile caitiffs!

'Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
'The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrean tiger,
'Take any shape but that—*of ten savage chiefs*,
'And my firm nerves shall never tremble.'

In consequence of this arrangement of the enemy, I was reduced to the disagreeable necessity of breaking off my invincible corps of *sharp-shavers* into ten divisions, detaching to each, one of my bravest and most experienced generals.

Now came the *hug* of war.

The barbarians were so confident of victory, that they began quarrelling among themselves for their share of the rich spoils of my palace. Greek met Greek, and buck-*tail bearded* buck-*tail*. Now was heard the yell of

'Havoc and let slip the dogs of war.'

It is unnecessary, my dear Carolus, even if our time would permit, to give you a detailed account of each days movements; suffice it to say that the bears the raccoons, the panthers, and the skunks, were mowed down, and fled before us like beards when touched by our invincible semi-concaves.

Prince *Pull Tusk*, who commanded the anvil artillery, distinguished himself gloriously.

Gen. *Galloofie*, who had charge of the centre performed prodigies; he swallowed the great whale *Jonas* with the same ease that he would have guzzled an oyster; and with only 1 thousand *cakes* of '*Watson's pure transparent soap*,' he lathered the naked savages so effectually that every civilized citizen of my empire cut and scraped as he pleased. 'Twas *barber* versus *barbarian*, and never since the days of Ralpho, was battle so warmly contested, so sanguine and so bloody. Every inch of ground from my palace to the vicinity *de Martiing*, was hotly disputed, alternately taken and retaken.

I ordered all my *academies* to be shut. Every semi-concave was employed in battle; not a citizen or savage of this vast metropolis, had his chin scraped for three long and anxious days.

The most *distinguished* warriors of the savages were Sachem *Water-lot* of the *Fox* tribe, Father *Moon*-y, *supper*-intendent of the waters of the great spring, and *capt. Holt* of the *Harmony corps*. The latter was very *musical* but did little *execution*. His *organ* burst at the commencement of the action, being overcharged with *foul wind*. *Scratch-whig Dough-head* who never, according to his own account, fired '*musket, cannon, or field piece*" since he was brought to see the world's light, and we believe, '*according to my mother's account*,' not before that eventful period, annoyed us notwithstanding most confoundedly. This savage was stationed in the garret of the great *Wigwham*, *armed* with 11,500 rounds of—*biscuit*, with which he pelted my perri-*whigs*, while on the march to victory, at so furious a rate that he succeeded in throwing the whole *corps* into confusion—my shavers being extremely hungry stopped to fill their *bread-baskets* with Dough-head's shot.

Mr. Anvil Artillery was of infinite service to me; but what I most relied on was that wonderful invention of my own brain, my celebrated 'HUGGINIANA,' universally allowed, for the destruction of wild beasts, to be far superior to Congreve's rockets, or Fulton's torpedoes.

WE CONQUERED GLORIOUSLY! On the third day at sun set the field was ours. We planted our *crowns* on the walls of the city. The wild beasts fled to the wilderness, excepting 5000 who surrendered prisoners of war. Some of those tawny animals I have shut up in a *pig pen* in the palace yard, for the inspection of the curious and my *barbers* in particular. The *keeper* of the *great spring*, having taken too much of the *waters*, was found in the morning buried in the snow.

I have ordered a huge *buck's-tail* to be placed upon the head of my grand sachem, in honour of this victory.

Thus has all opposition ceased on the part of my blind and infatuated foes—yet anxious only for the amelioration of mankind, and seeing nothing further in the road to universal dominion, the emperor requires *only* the *custom-hair*-y congratulations of the *good* citizens to make them immortal as the form that wears them.

Shaving and dressing as usual—*buck's-tails*, *whigs*, *savage moccasons*, *pure transparent soap*, and *essences* of all "seasons," for sale whole-sale or retail.

I. HUGGINS, *Emperor.*

PETER DENNIS, *Prime Minister, and*
Setter of Razors to H. I. M.

SEASON OF SNOWS,
Year of Semi-Concaves, 1.

From the Lancaster Journal.

TO BE PERUSED BY SIMON SNYDER AT HIS LEISURE.

The election of this state being now over, it may not perhaps be deemed untimely to bring again into view the late outrage of our executive on the honour and independence of the United States. It is an undeniable fact well known to all the citizens of this state, that during the pending of Mr. Snyder's candidateship for the governatorial chair, he was held up as a man of *probity*, *learning*, *experience* and *general* information on the subject of government. His political opponents justly declared him to be totally disqualified to fill so high a station in life. His deficiency in talents and stability were also well known to many of his supporters who professed the republican principles of the '*old school*;' but *party* policy and a wish not to divide the democratic interest in this state induced those to support him nothwithstanding the *unworthy* manner in which he had been palmed upon them by the subtle artifices of Findlay, Billew and Binns. To say nothing of his want of *candour* and his deficiency in *self* government after he was sworn into office; but to pass on to his subterfuge adopted to quiet the the quadroon supplicants for office when he found others and more potent applicants stand forward, is a fact now as notorious to the world, as his silly and illegal expedition against the process of the United States, and not less disgraceful to the honour of Pennsylvania. For a governor of Pensylvania to forfeit his solemn promise made voluntarily and without any undue influence of party whatever, to the unquestionable injury, nay, in more than one instance, ruin of families, is to sink the honour of the democratic party as well as the faith of the state. That he has in many instances *promised* most solemnly on his *honour* to give certain friends offices, and afterwards and without any *reason* whatever being assigned, shamefully violated his promise and abandoned those friends, is a fact well known to his neighbour Simpson, his friend Mr. Petrekin, of Centre county, his cousin and namesake of Northumberland, and many others beside Mr. Maclay, who spent both their *time* and *money* to support his election. But what are all these *sallies* of executive weakness and basensss, when considered with his premeditated and wanton opposition to the authority of the Union and the constitution, which he had previously sworn to defend. What are we to expect of a weak governor, whose folly is proverbial in the mouth of every child in the streets; and whose ignorance of republicanism and the laws of his own state, can only be equalled by the consummate wretchedness and depravity of his charge d'affairs, Binns, in whose face the ghost of poor Dr. Quigley stares!

His natural weakness of mind compelled him to put himself into the keeping of some persons, and it happened to be that of the notorious constitution tinker from Beaver, the well know *turn-coat* of Franklin county, with John Binns! Under a guardian trio of such an heterogeneous complexion, how was the dignified state of Pennsylvania to prosper in peace and wisdom? Simon, like an ideot would do threw himself he knew not where, and it so happened that he fell into the *arms of his own worst enemies!*

The opposition to the claim of Mr. Olmstead by Simon Snyder, governor of Pensylvania, and the *selection* of his officers of state, take their rise both from the *same source*! There is a *secret policy* in the opposition to the claim of Mr. Olmstead and the *choice* of the *materials* of the present administration but little known to the democrats of the *old school*. The *charge d'Affairs* near *Beaver*, and *lord chamberlain* to his majesty the king of ignorance, knows the *secret* of both. He it is who must forever stand chargeable to his *tool* Simon, while Simon stands charged with high crimes and misdemeanors at the bar of the sovereign people of Pennsylvania. Simon may acquit his friend, if he pleases; but the *representatives are bound under the obligation of a solemn oath to examine this offence committed against the laws of his country.*

The opposition of Mr. Snyder to the marshal of the United States was a *crime* of a *treasonable nature*. That he did oppose that authority is an admitted fact. That an organized force was called out, marshalled and resisted a *legal process*, is notorious and disgraceful; nor can his excellency plead ignorance of the constitution or the laws which he has violated. If he should, after the *able* counsel of his friends, then must he stand that *monument* of ignorance and folly his enemies believed him to be. But he will not enter the plea of *error* in judgment on trial, neither will his *learned* counsel Binns. Lacock, Findlay and master attorney-general make that defence. They well know that a scrutiny into the crime of opposition to the laws of his country before the house, will develope *a secret connected clue of hostility to the sovereignty of the United States*, which they will not dare *publickly* to defend.

The governor of Pennsylvania, Simon Snyder, has committed the crime. The people of Pennsylvania, through their representatives, are bound to try him; and either aquit him of that crime on the ground of mistaken judgment, or condemn and expel him from office. There can be no alternative left to the representatives to pursue; for the result of his opposition to the marshal left him convicted of the offence; and the punishment of that offence is left to the *independence* of the members of the next legislature to execute. The *honor* of Pennsylvania requires it of them. The insulted independence of the United States demands it at their hands; and the tranquility and future *peace* of this state calls aloud for the example to be timely made. If the legislature should pass this offence by on the ground of his being *ignorant of the laws*, then may all criminals in the jails of the United States be liberated without trial on the same plea.

TORPEDO.

An Irishman went to a physician and desired to be inoculated. The physician agreeably to his request, proceeded to the operation, but his inoculation did not take. He repeated the operation a second and a third time, but still it did not take, 'I am greatly surprised,' said the doctor, 'Not so much as I am,' returned the Hibernian, 'for when I was inoculated ten years since, it took the first time.'

A blind man had a wife whom he tenderly loved, altho' he had been frequently told she was remarkably plain: a celebrated physician having offered to cure him, he refused him, saying, 'I should lose that love for my wife, in which my whole happiness now consists.'

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